Of all the Court and Princes of my bloud,
The hope and expectation of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the ſoule of euery man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall:
Had I ſo lauiſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheape to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeles baniſhment,
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,
By beeing ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtir
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tel their children, This is he:
Others would ſay, where, which is Bullingbrooke?
And then I ſtole all curteſie from heauen,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humility,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:
Loud ſhoutes and ſalutations from their mouthes,
Euen in the preſence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt
And won by rarenes ſuch ſolemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,
With ſhallow ieſters, and raſh bauin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royalty with carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their ſcornes,
And gaue his countenance againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of euery beardles vaine comparatiue
Grew a companion to the common ſtreetes,
Enfeoft himſelfe to popularity,
That being dayly ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfetted with hony, and began to loath,
The taſte of ſweetnes, whereof a little

More then a little, is by much t
So when he had occaſion to be
He was, but as the Cuckow is i
Heard, not regarded: ſeene but
As ſicke and blunted with com
Affoord no extraordinary gaze
Such as is bent on ſun-like Mai
VVhen it ſhines ſeldome in adm
But rather drowzd, and hung t
Slept in his face, and rendred ſu
As cloudy men vſe to do to the
Being with his preſence, glutte
And in that very line, Harry ſta
For, thou haſt loſt thy princely
VVith vile participation, Not a
But is a weary of thy common
Saue mine, which hath deſired t
VVhich now doth that I woul
Make blinde it ſelfe with fooliſ
Prin. I ſhall hereafter, my th
Be more my ſelfe. *Kin.* F
As thou art to this howre, was
VVhen *I* from France ſet foot
And euen as I was then is Perc
Now by my ſceptre and my ſou
He hath more worthy intereſt t
Then thou, the ſhadow of ſucc
For of no right nor colour like
He doth fill fields with harnes
Turns head againſt the Lions
And being no more indebt to y
Leades ancient Lords, and reue
To bloody battels, and to bruſ
VVhat neuer dying honor hath
Againſt renowned Dowglas? w
VVhoſe hot incurſions, and gr
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe
And military title capitall,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22283) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34